# The Montrose Democrat.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Agriculture, Science, and Morality.

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## Poet's Corner.

### The Day is Gone.

BY LONGFELLOW.

The day is gone; and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come read to me some poem—
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thought of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For like the strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor,
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wondrous melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And comes like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read the treasur'd volume,
The poem of my choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet,
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently pass away.

## Miscellaneous.

DITTO.—An honest old farmer, rather ignorant of the improved method of abbreviation, went to a certain store with which he did his trading, to make his annual settlement.

On looking over, he occasionally found charges like the following: "To 1 lb Tea," "To 1 lb ditto." Not knowing the meaning of the term "ditto," he concluded the account was not correct, and posted off home to inquire into the affair.

"Wife," said he, "this is pretty business; there is Mr. ——— has charged me with pounds and pounds of ditto. Now I should like to know what you have done with so much ditto."

"Ditto, ditto?" replied the old lady, "I never had a pound of ditto in my house in my life."

So back went the farmer in high dudgeon that he should be charged with things he had never received.

"Mr. ———," said he, my wife says she never had a pound of ditto in the house in her life."

The merchant thereupon explained the meaning of the term, and the farmer went home satisfied.

His wife enquired if he had found out the meaning of the word ditto. "Yes," said he, "it means I am a d—d fool and you are ditto."

☞ The saying so often quoted, "The schoolmaster is abroad," originated with Lord Brougham. In one of his speeches it is thus introduced: "Let the soldier be abroad if he will; he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage abroad—a person less imposing—in the eyes of some, perhaps, insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad; and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array."

☞ An Alderman once called on Dr. Francis, when the following dialogue took place: "Doctor, I have a strong tendency to the gout; what shall I do to arrest it?" "Take a bucket of water, and a ton of anthracite, three times a week." "How?" "Drink the former, and carry the latter up three pair of stairs."

☞ "My dear fellow," said Beau Hickman to a waiter in a hotel, "I have respect for flies—but I like to have them and my milk in separate glasses: they mix so much better when you have control of both ingredients."

☞ The grasshopper who bit a gentleman in Oneida County must have been forcibly impressed with the idea that all flesh is grass.

☞ A virtuous person, in the thickest of his misfortunes, is like a thick set hedge, the more he is cut and hacked the better he thrives.

"Noggs, Jr." speaking of a blind wood sawyer says: "While no one ever *saw* him see, thousands have *seen* him *saw*."

WOMAN.—The best of the series, if we may have *her* for a toast, we won't ask for any *but*-her.

## The Doomed Bridegroom.

AN IRISH STORY.

There is a trait in Irish character which I have always conceived to be naturally chivalrous, and that is, a general dislike to seek in courts of law a momentary compensation for honor outraged by woman's folly. In England reparation for loss of services is considered a thing as directly reclaimable as a loss of profit on a broken contract for a cargo of sea-oil or guano; while in the sister kingdom, in nine cases out of ten, he who works upon the weakness of a wife, or trifles with the affections of a sister is not subjected to the assessment or amounts of injury by a jury, but summoned to give personal satisfaction in the field. Many a fatal case recorded in the annals of duelling, will tell how frequently profligate success has paid, in turn, a bloody penalty.

In caricaturing Milesian manners and feelings, it has been asserted that you cannot look at a Cork lady at a supper table but she says, "Port if you please!" or dance a second time with a man's sister, that he was not certain to drop in next morning, before you dressed, to inquire whether your intentions to the young lady were matrimonial. That a number of unhappy marriages have been effected by pistol-interventions, is too true; and I recollect one sad case, where the love was on the lady's side, and a fine, spirited young fellow, with all before him that could promise happiness, was suddenly removed from existence, ere the third week closed that followed as bright a union as could be fancied.

R—— was remarkably handsome, and those personal advantages were enhanced by the total unconsciousness that he possessed them. A young lady saw, loved, and, remembering what Viola's friend suffered by concealment, she saved the damask of her cheek, and intimated to the gentlemen the state of her affection. In reply, poor R—— confided his situation to the lady. He had wooed and won the only lady he ever loved, and the next Monday would bless him with her hand.

Harriette M—— was handsome, self-willed, rich, and proud as Lucifer. R—— in fortune was her equal, but in birth a *caste* below.—The circumstances, however, that embittered her rejection—and if rejection be humiliating to a man, how fearfully must it agonize the woman who, perverting conventional usages, sues when she should be sought—supplicates what she should conceal—and is rejected!

"Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman spurned."

And for whom had her hand and fortune been declined? The daughter of a village curate—rich in nothing but youth, and innocence and beauty.

The devil never prompts a delinquency that he does not manage to supply a tool. George Pemberton was Harriette's kinsman, a lieutenant in the —th, and his regiment an expensive one. His manners were assuming; and, with an empty purse, how many slights will an ill-tempered individual experience, should he have the misfortune to be gazetted in a crack corps? George Pemberton was returning on leave of absence, to raise a small sum of money, or failing, to sell out; and he found his cousin Harriette all alone, five minutes after the ——— Chronicle had been received, detailing, in glowing language, the beauty of the bride, as being in perfect keeping with that of the handsomest man who, for many years, had sworn conjugal allegiance at the altar. 'The happy couple,' the paper added, 'had gone to —— to spend the honeymoon.'

In such frames of mind, and under such circumstances, the cousins met. Pemberton, in his right of relationship, would have saluted his fair kinswoman, but she drew her face away, and looking very contemptuously at his short, thick, and shapeless person, cooly observed:

'Palm to palm must do now, George, for in faith you are too ugly even for a cousin to kiss.'

'As handsome and as indolent as ever!—Why Harriette, I expected to see a willow wreath and pallid cheek. You bear your overthrow patiently.'

The lady's brow contracted, and she haughtily waved her hand.

'Enough! no more of this. I knew your business here. You want two hundred pounds, and my father will not advance as many pence were it to save your neck, and not your commission.'

'Then I must send in my papers and leave the—'

'Unless some fool is found who will lend money to a gentlemen who, on six shillings a day, keeps a pair of hunters!' observed the lady.

Pemberton looked sulky and displeased.

'Nay, George, on my conscience, thou art ill favored enough, without knitting those beetle brows together. I have the money. Would you earn it?'

'I would go to the ———,' was the reply, 'rather than quit the —th from sheer poverty. What shall I do?'

She turned her dark and lightning eyes on his; and after a pause of half a minute, pointed to the paragraph which announced the hated marriage. Then dropping her voice into an emphatic whisper, she laid her lips close to her kinsman's ear.

'Read!—Spoil that honeymoon—the money's thine!'

And without waiting a reply, she hurried to her own apartment.

Never did the arch enemy of man select a better agent than George Pemberton. To a currish temper he united a sufficiency of animal courage to make him dangerous, and secret influences, with which his revengeful kinswoman was totally unacquainted, fitted him for the task. He knew that his retirement from a regiment officered by men of property, and to whom he had made himself obnoxious by the idle attempt of veiling poverty under insolence, would be felt as a triumph. But deadlier feelings towards the husband of Lucy Meadows urged him to vengeance. He had secretly but passionately loved her; and she had neither tact nor prudence to conceal a personal dislike, amounting to aversion. Keeping in the back ground the real causes which induced him to attempt the life of one against whom he could plead no injury, an alleged slight to his fair cousin would form a 'very pretty quarrel,' and with a congenial spirit as demoniac as his own, he set off without delay to the retired watering place, where the handsomest and happiest pair that Connaught could produce, were, in their own belief, entering an elysian existence.

The barbarous punctillio of the times, provided a man could boast gentle lineage, almost prohibited a refusal of his call for satisfaction no matter how flimsy the pretext might be under which he demanded a hostile meeting, and Pemberton availed himself of it.

It was evening. R—— had been engaged in answering congratulatory letters, and had proceeded with his billets to the post. Lucy watched him from the window, and thought her husband never looked so handsome as when in turning the corner he smiled and kissed his hand. She gazed at the sun sinking gloriously in the far west, and in a flood of gold hiding his broad disc in the boundless waters of the Atlantic. Alas! she little dreamed poor girl, that

"The Moon that rose,
And promised rapture in the close,"

was fated to usher in a night, on whose deep darkness no ray of hope should break again.

Pemberton and his companion waylaid his intended victim; but R—— felt himself too blessed with Lucy too risk aught that could interrupt his happiness. Against the imputed offence he temperately remonstrated, and repudiated all intention of wounding the feelings of the lady whose imaginary wrongs were made the basis to rest a quarrel on him. A meeting he declined; at least until he could send for and counsel a friend. From insolence, Pemberton proceeded to verbal, and at last to personal insult. R——'s was a brave and manly spirit! to feel the ruffian's whip upon his shoulders and not resent the outrage. His temper yielded; he longed to wipe disgrace away in blood. He urged delay no longer, demanded instant satisfaction, hurried into the inn garden, and within ten minutes from the time he waved a passing—little did he think it the last—adieu, R—— was stretched in death upon the bowling green.

What Lucy suffered may be readily conceived. Human misery could not go further in one sheer plunge to reach from the very pinnacle of mortal happiness, the darkest abyss of despair! The imagination must fill out what fancy cannot pencil.

And how did she feel—she, that guilty woman—when

"The ruin that her rashness wrought,"

was told her?

Before the emissary had performed half his journey, Harriette's better feelings had regained ascendency, and, when too late, she would have given thousands to have recalled her hireling kinsman. In charity, we will hope that her wounded pride sought vengeance short of his destruction. Indeed, the effect of the sad intelligence when it arrived, would go far to prove that such was the case. She was convulsed, fevered, delirious for two months after, and recovered strength only by the loss of reason; and in a few years afterwards closed her wretched existence in an asylum.

I often called to mind the truth of Father Malchi's duelling deductions—for the *finale* of the earthly careers Messieurs Andrews and Pemberton, proved them correct to the very letter. Both of them died violent but inglorious deaths.

Frank Andrews, some half a dozen years after he had placed the house of Shievenagarrow in mourning, repaired to the metropolis on business. The evening he arrived at Dublin he contrived to fasten a quarrel on a linen-draper, whose sister he had insulted at the theatre, and hurried the devoted tradesman by the first dawn of day to the 'twelve acres.'*—The hour of retribution had come; for a man whose hand never clasped before a deadlier implement than a yard stick, contrived to pop *par accident*, a quarter of an ounce of lead into the pericardium of Francis Andrews.

Well, though he fell in the lap of honor, the artiste who sped him was a linen draper; that was certainly a sad drawback; but if Mr. Andrews' exit was not the thing, Mr. Pemberton was even less *distingue*.

Never had a homicide, by permission of Irish gentlemen, promised more satisfactory results to its perpetrators. The transmission of Harriette and her father—the former to a madhouse and the latter to a grave—occurred within a month, and as heir at law, Mr. Geo. Pemberton succeeded to the management of the estates, and the custody of the lunatic.—Mr. Pemberton determined that during his life his fair cousin should continue in seclusion, and fate gave a kind consent.

It was a gray autumnal evening, when Pemberton, who had taken formal possession of his uncle's house, was carrying two strangers home to supper, whose acquaintance he had made that morning at the fair of ——town.—It may be here necessary to remark that R—— had a natural brother to whom he had been generous and kind, and who had been often overheard vowing eternal vengeance on his kinsman. He took his mother's name—was called William Halligan, but by the country people was better known by the soubriquet of Liaumo Vaddagh.† Eight months had elapsed since R—— was killed by Pemberton, and people began to say that 'George was safely seated in his saddle.' To this opinion others dissented. Liaumo Vaddagh, before his kinsman's death had been held in light estimation. He drank freely, headed faction fights, and more than once had been hinted at in chapel as a gay deceiver. But a marvellous change since his brother's death had come over this wild youth—whiskey never passed his lips—no inducement at fair or market could rank him in a faction fight—his youthful compeers declared he was bewitched—but older men shook their heads, and hinted that Liaume Vaddagh, under a quiet exterior, was fuller of mischief than a loaded blunderbuss. The old folks were right, for 'Long William' only bode for his time, like the red Kirkpatrick, 'to strike sicker.'

Pemberton, although several monitory hints were given to him, remained in false security; and yet there were times that the altered habits of this wild young man, when coupled with his omnipresence in fair or market, or whatever else the place he frequented might be, went some length in creating suspicion in the mind of Pemberton. At the fair, on this day, he encountered Long William more than once, and so did others, who noticed to each other a change equally remarkable in his habits and appearance. William had hitherto worn the deepest mourning, and evaded spirits as he would poison. On this day his sables were discarded, and he was gaily dressed; and with his inky garments his unsocial habits seemed to have departed. He drank deep to his brother's memory, mentioning that this was the birth day of the deceased.

One other circumstance requires a passing notice. Lucy had frequently requested that Long William would come to see her, aware how strong the attachment was which existed between her murdered husband and his wild half-brother. To every invitation the same answer was gratefully returned: 'he would doubtless wait upon her when his vow should be accomplished.' What the vow was none knew.

When evening came, and Mr. Pemberton had ordered his horses to the inn door, William was soon wrapped in his *catamore*, riding briskly from the market town. The distance to reach the principal entrance to the park would require a detour of two miles, while a back gate opened upon the road that William took. There was no lodge, but William was seen to gain admission by a key, and carefully lock the gate afterwards. The scene that followed was thus described by one of the strangers:—

On reaching the back entrance of the park, Mr. Pemberton unlocked the gate, and when he had again secured it, he turned to his guests and bade them a courteous welcome.

'This is the first time I have had the honor, gentlemen, to receive you at Mount Hazel.—May I hope that it will not be the last?'

The strangers bowed, while a voice seemed an echo, repeated in hollow and distinct tones, 'the last!' A gun exploded—Mr. Pemberton staggered and fell—the strangers' horses went off at full speed—one rider managed to keep his saddle, while the other was roughly dismounted. The fallen horseman rolled into the ditch, and there, in mortal agony, he viewed the *denouement* of the tragedy.

A tall man wrapped in a frieze great coat stepped leisurely from the back of the hedge and quietly approached the body. He looked for a moment at the glassy eye and bloodless lips. 'One barrell did the business!' he muttered, and laid the gun in a slanting direction across the corpse. Then, taking a written paper from his pocket, he affixed it to the dead man's breast. All was methodically done; a pin secured every corner of the placard; and these pins were placed carefully in the cuff of the murderer's *catamore*. That done, he coolly reloaded the discharged barrel. The stranger remarked that the gun had been prepared for concealment and assassination, for the barrels had been shortened by a foot. The murderer gazed on the dead body for about a minute, but his hand never approached the pocket of his victim, except when he drew a gold watch from the fob, muttered it was 'half past seven,' and cautiously returned the time-piece. The murder being done to his satisfaction, he led a horse into the avenue, unlocked and re-fastened the gate and leisurely rode off.

Half dead with fear the stranger listened to the horse stamps, and crept cautiously from the ditch. He shuddered as he looked at the body, for, on the breast of the dead man a paper, written in bold characters, bore the single sentence of "BLOOD FOR BLOOD!"

Lucy R——, in widow's weeds, was sitting in her drawing-room. The gloom of twilight accorded with her soul's sadness, for the period was approaching when the being, orphaned long before it saw the light, was to claim a mother's care. Her past was frightful to recall, her future fearful to look forward to. What should she be, were her hour of trial safely over? A widowed mother at twenty! Wrapped in sombre meditation, she did not hear the door open, until, moving across the light, a tall figure arrested her attention, when standing within two yards of her.

"Who are you?" demanded the startled Lucy.

"William Halligan, lady, come to bid you an eternal farewell."

A deep low voice responded—

"Brother of him in whom every feeling in this young heart was centered, and ever will be, I give you a widow's welcome. Sit down, William."

"Lady, I dare not, for time is precious."

"How often have I sent for you, William?"

"And think you, lady, that a whisper from you would not have brought me here at midnight? Bound, however, by a secret vow, I dared not see you until I came to-night to say farewell.

"Where are you going, William?"

"*That*, heaven and accident only can decide. The money which he whom we both lament, bequeathed me, was months ago transmitted to America, and there I shall claim it."

"I need protection, William. That hardened wretch—he who robbed me of my husband—rode past the window, yesterday."

"He will never repeat the offence," returned Long William, calmly. "But time hurries forward, and upon a few minutes with me, life and death may depend. Should the promised infant be a boy, give him this, as a dear memento," and he took a gun from beneath his great coat, and laid it on the table. "Tell him that a cross is filed deeply in the barrel that sped—"

"Whom, in the name of Heaven?" exclaimed the lady, in alarm.

"The slayer of his father! And now, farewell, forever."

He fell upon his knees, caught the lady's hand in his, and covered it with kisses. A low, shrill whistle was heard beneath the window.

"It is the signal. May heaven bless and comfort you! Lady, farewell forever!"

Before the words were heard distinctly, he vanished as he had entered. All know that the homicide of George Pemberton was Liaume Vaddagh, and in a wild community,

"With whom revenge is virtue."

his memory is still handed down as one who did "the State some service." He sought the backwoods of Illinois, led a hunter's life, and died in an Indian wigwam.

It is only necessary to add, that the family of the unscrupulous duellist have been extinct for thirty years, while the descendant of the victimized bridegroom is prosperous in worldly circumstances.

* A division of Phœnix Park, where duels have been fought by the hundred.
†*Anglice*—Long William.

## The Ascent of Mont Blanc.

The story of Mont Blanc, as recently published in this country, is well worth reading. The narrative is one of thrilling interest. Witness the following passage which is descriptive of Mr. Smith's feelings when approaching the end of his upward journey, more than fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea:

"My eyelids had felt very heavy for the last hour; and but for absolute mortal necessity of keeping them widely open, I believe would have closed ere this; but now such a strange and irrepressible desire to go to sleep seized hold of me that I almost fell fast off as I sat down for a few minutes on the snow to tie my shoes. But the foremost guides were on the march again, and I was compelled to go on with the caravan. From this point on to the summit, for the space of two hours, I was in such a strange state of unconsciousness and acute observation—of combined sleeping and waking—that the old fashioned word "bewitched" is the only one that I can apply to the complete confusion and upsetting of sense in which I found myself plunged. With the perfect knowledge of where I was, and what I was about—even with such caution as was required to place my feet on particular places in the snow—I conjured up such a set of absurd and improbable phantoms about me, that the most spirit-ridden intruder upon a May-day festival on the Hafez mountain was never more beleagured.

"I am not sufficiently versed in the finer theories of the psychology of sleep to know if such a state might be; but I believe for a greater part of this bewildering period I was fast asleep, with my eyes open, and through them the wandering brain received external impressions in the same manner, as upon waking, the phantasms of our dreams are sometimes carried on, and connected with objects around the chamber. It is very difficult to explain the odd state in which I was, so to speak, entangled. A great many people I knew in London were accompanying me, and calling after me as the stones did after Prince Pervis in the Arabian nights. Then there was some terrible elaborate affair I could not settle about two bedsteads, the whole blame of which transaction, whatever it was, lay on my shoulders; and then a literary friend came up and told me he was sorry we could not pass over his ground on our way to the summit but that the King of Prussia had forbidden it. Everything was as foolish and unconnected as this, but it worried me painfully; and my senses were under little control, and I reeled and staggered about so, that when we had crossed the snow prairie and arrived at the foot of an almost perpendicular wall of ice, four or five hundred feet high—the terrible Mur de la Coto—up which we had to climb, I sat down again on the snow, and told Tairraz that I would not go any farther, but that they might leave me there if they pleased."

We will only add that the adventurer attained the summit, when he sank to the ground exausted. The guides allowed him to sleep for a few minutes only, when he was refreshed and on being awakened, declared that he had never before known the value of "forty winks." He then enjoyed perhaps one of the grandest panoramas on earth.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

## The One Little Favor.

Little Pierre sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits. Still at times he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes, for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange, and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own—one he composed with air and words; for the child was a genius, and a fervent worshipper at the shrine of music.

As the tears would roll down his cheeks, and his voice would falter at his sad, sad thoughts, he did not dare to let his mother see, but hastily rising, hurried to the window, and there watched a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madam M——, then a favorite cantatrice, would sing that night at the temple.

"Oh, if I could *only* go," thought little Pierre—and then pausing a moment he clasped his hands; his eyes lighted with unwonted fire—and running to the little stand, he smoothed down his yellow curls, and taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager glance at the mother who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

"Who did you say is waiting for me?" said Madam M——, to her servant. "I am already nearly worn out with company."

"It is only a very pretty little boy with yellow curls, who says if he can *only* see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he won't keep you a moment."

"Oh! well, let him come," said the beautiful singer with a smile, "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arms, and in his hand a little roll of paper. With a manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight up to Madam M——, and bowing, said—"I came to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to buy food and medicine. I thought that perhaps if *you* would only sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, may be some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman rose from her seat; very tall and stately she was; she took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air.

"Did *you* compose it?" she asked; "you, a child! And the words? wonderful little genius! Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked after a few moments of thought.

"Oh! yes," and the boy's blue eyes grew liquid with happiness—"but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening, and here is a crown with which do you go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets—come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me; my good little fellow, your mother has a treasure in you."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bo't some oranges, and many a little luxury beside, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her not without tears, of his great good fortune.

Never in his life had Pierre been in such a grand place. The music, clashing and rolling, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silks, bewildered eyes and brain. At last *she* came—and the child sat with his glance riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and who everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song. Breathless he waited—the band, the whole band struck up a little plaintive melody; he knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And oh! how she sung it. It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing—many a bright eye dimmed with tears, and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song—oh! so touching!

Pierre walked home as if he were moving on air. What cared he for money, now!—The greatest prima dona in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightenend at a visit from Madam M——. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman, said, "your little boy, madam, has bro't you a fortune. I was offered this morning by the best publisher in London, three hundred pounds for his little song; and after he has realized a certain amount for the sale, little Pierre, here, is to share the profits. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bed-side and uttered a simple, but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

And the memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she who was the idol of England's nobility, like the world's great master, went about doing good. And in her early happy death, when the grave damps gathered over her brow, and her eyes grew dim, he who stood by her bed, his bright face clothed in the mourning of sighs and tears, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days—now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.

All honor to the great hearts who from their high stations send down bounty to the widow and the fatherless child.

For the Democrat.

E. B. CHASE, Esq.:

*Dear Sir*—Absence from home, and sickness since my return, have prevented an earlier notice of your last personal attack upon me, in the "*Democrat.*" I take my pen, now, to reply, not as a pugilist of words without regard to their significancy, appropriateness, or truthfulness; but a lover of truth yielding, in the plainest and briefest manner, to the claims of duty. In the former case I should have no hope of success; but in the latter I shall be perfectly content let the result be what it may. I shall endeavor to keep in mind the injunction, "when reviled not to revile again;" and make no reply to charges contained in such language as the following: "O hypocrisy of soul! Dishonesty of profession! Rottenness of heart! Double-dealing of practice! Awful hypocrisy! The gilded surface which you throw around yourself," &c. &c.

Your first charge against me, of "parading you before the public with half a column of newspaper misrepresentation," is too general to be specifically met. I will only say, in relation to the facts, that I called twice at your office, designing to present to you in person, my reply to your interrogatories. Failing to see you, I read the reply to your law partner, R. B. Little, esq. He expressed to me the belief that you would publish it—endorsed its respectfulness, and said he would hand it to you, and at the same time recommend its publication. At my request, he said he would return it to me, in time for publication in the "Register," if you should refuse to publish it. It was returned to me without any intimation that you would publish it at a future time.—I think it would be no more than an act of justice for you to publish it even now. How, by the way, you could suppose that it had "no reference to election," and that its publication would answer just as well after election, and yet return it to me unread, requires more of a casuist than I am to understand.

Your *second* charge, disrobed of its verbiage seems to be this—Judge Jessup is my friend, and therefore I am responsible for all the wrongs, which he or his friends, in fact or fancy inflicted upon you. You seem a convert to the doctrine, that a man's friends must be enemies to his enemies—a doctrine I most conscientiously repudiate. It is enough to allow the claim of friendship for friends' friends, and too much to claim enmity towards their enemies. But Judge Jessup has asked no such thing at my hands; and more than this, I have never yielded to any such claims of friendship in his case, as to lead me to palliate, whatever, in his public acts, I have thought to be erroneous—questions connected with the anti-slavery cause, and our Montrose Academy, are my witness to this fact. Yet I esteem the Judge a friend, and reciprocate his friendship. This I have reason to think you have not done. Did you not find in the Judge a friend, when you found yourself, in N. Y. city, minus in funds to pay your bills for printing materials? How have you reciprocated this favor?—a favor I never had occasion to receive at his hands. If I am supposed to be your enemy on account of his friendship, you certainly have reason to be an enemy to yourself.

But you say, the Judge and his friends "loaded" upon you "the most violent personal abuse," "assailed your character and reputation through the press and everywhere else with a vindictiveness and malevolence scarcely ever equalled." You admit that you retorted in the same manner with the same kind of weapons, & rather brag that you came out best in the contest. "It was then," you say, "I turned and gave battle with weapons meant to be equally severe, and if the Judge and his friends got the worst of the contest they may blame themselves for provoking it." But with all this I had nothing to do, as a partisan, and would not have referred to it here but for your third charge, to which I will pass.

Your *third* charge is—that I "enlisted in the feud against you, assailing you with invective and denunciation, in public and private, even from the holy pulpit from which I minister." Now, sir, supposing all you have said, as quoted above, in relation to the Judge and his friends, be true, one thing is certain, by your own showing, you was equally *severe* in *vindictiveness and malevolence*. What then was my duty, as one of the conservators of public morals? When I saw the fountains of *vindictiveness* and *malevolence* opened upon community, the moral atmosphere becoming polluted, and the channels of virtue and decency becoming corrupted, what should or could I do, in faithfulness and honesty, but speak out against such things?

Ought I to have remained silent, and subjected myself like certain prophets of old to the charge of being a "dumb dog" that could not or had not the moral courage to bark? No, I ought not to have done so, neither did I. Heeding the command, "Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbor and not suffer sin upon him," I gave a general rebuke to the editors, and a particular, although not personal, one, where I thought it most deserved. I was enlisted upon neither side, and voted not for the candidates of either of the leading parties in that contest.

Your *fourth* charge, in your [illegible] Again at a later date, [illegible] [illegible] when I took occasion [illegible]